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02x04 - Pride

by **bunniefuu**

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[Liberty Avenue. A big,street-spanning banner proclaims "PittsburghPrideFest!" Emmett, Mike, Brian, Ted, and Justinwalk down the street.]

Em: Pride weekend! Can you feel it?

Mike: The dancing?

Ted: The parade.

Brian: The f*cking.

Justin: Can't wait.

Mike: You sure, you're up for it?

Brian: He's up for it.

Justin: It's my first pride.

Em: Be careful - pride is a sin.

Justin: Then I'm going to hell.

[Liberty Diner. There are rainbowflags, rainbow balloons, rainbow streamers, rainbowwindsocks, and rainbow candles as far as the eye cansee.]

Ted: Who did this?

Em: Some demented queen with no taste.

Mike: Nice job, Ma.

Deb: Glad you like it!

Em: Ok, can we hurry up and eat, please? I've gotappointments all day.

Brian: You've got appointments?

Em: It's pride, honey. Facial at nine. Peticure at ten.Bikini wax in eleven. Oh and then I go for the dress fromGodiva.

Mike: She's marchin'?

Em: No. She's in a wheelchair. I have to figure out someway of decorating the wheelchair.

Justin: Who's Godiva?

Deb: Who's Godiva?! Don't they teach you f*cking kidsanything? Godiva g*y History 101.

[She points to a collage of drag queen pictures,conveniently located above a corner booth. After everyonesits, Emmett plays the historian.]

Em: Let me tell you. Godiva is the world's greatest dragqueen.

Ted: Or at least Pittsburgh's.

Em: I'd... I just had moved from Mississippi, didn't nosoul, somehow I found my way to Woody's. I standing thereand she comes up to me and says, "You all alone,Sugar?" I stood there with my mouth hanging open.

Brian. Well, things haven't changed much.

Em: Then she said to me, "Well, not anymore. Nowyou've got Godiva -- just like the chocolate, dark andsweet." She chance everyone and everything,including my first pride. I'm very dismay this is herlast.

Mike: People make too much of their pride business.

Em: As if you'd even know! Considering you've never beento one.

Justin: You've never been?

Brian: Poor Mikey's afraid he'll end up as the tokenPride clip on the six o'clock news.

Mike: Well, I don't exactly see you out there in bein' ina grand march.

Brian: We all have our ways of celebrating. Some peopletake it to the streets...

Ted: Other people take it to the sheets.

Deb: So, love muffin's - you ready for the high h*m*.

[all boys says yes, absolutely.]

Em: And what about you, madam P-Pflag President?

Deb: We have the bigest group yet.

Em: Congratulations.

Deb: Thank you.

Brian: Now if only your widdle pride and joy would marchwith you...

Mike: Take some pan cookie and shut the f*ck up!

Deb: Nothing would make me prouder. But I'm not amanipulative...guilt-slinging kind of mother. Michael cando what he wants. [Deb fights with the tears.] So what doyou want, little as*h*le?

[The table looks at him expectantly. Mike sighs.]

Mike: I'll have the march in the parade, hold the tears.

Deb: What did you say?

Mike: I'll said I'll march, okay?

Deb: [scream] HEY YOU HEARD THAT EVERYBODY?! MIKE, MYKIDS, GONNA MARCH WITH ME IN THE PARADE!

[The diner bursts into applause.]

Ted: [laughs] Oh, happy day (!)

[Melanie's office. Lindsay'sdropped by with lunch. Linds offeres her a grape.]

Linds: Grape.

Mel: My other clients aren't so co-operative.

Linds: There better not be. How much time we have got?

Mel: Just enough time for this.

[Mel slams a boundle of paper on the table.]

Linds: We have to sign all this?!

Mel: We have durable powers of attorney. Living will.Joint tenancy agreement. Reciprocal guardianship for Gus.

Linds: After this I think this marriage license will be abrief.

Mel: But this is what you wanted, isn't it?

Linds: Damn, right. You and me, this night and delivered.

[The door were opened by Mel's assistent.]

Guy: Mmmh. Sorry.

Mel: Is Gus taking his nap?

Guy: Uh, no, but I could sure use one. I have a visitor.

Mel: My two o'clock? I told you, I'm not here.

Guy: Well, you try tell you that...

[On cue, a leathered-up, long-haired woman of a bikermama marches past him, tossing her helmet into his solarplexus.]

Leda: Out of the way, chicken legs! Where is that sexybeast?

[Leda and Melanie shriek. Melanie jumps into Leda's arms.Lindsay cautiously surveys the scene.]

Leda: Didn't I tell you she'd practically sh*t?

Guy: You certainly did.

Mel: What were you're doing here?

Leda: That's what everyone says when you're inPittsburgh!

Mel: You haven't changed a bit!

Leda: Why tamper with perfection, baby?

Mel: This is Lindsay.

Leda: I though you might be.

Linds: And this must be Leda.

[Leda kisses Mel. They laughs.]

[Brian's office. He and Cynthiaare meeting with a Mr. Clayton Poole, a middle-aged guyhawking "Poolside Coolers," multi-coloredbottled fruit drinks.]

Mr.Clayton: The performance of our new "PoolsideCoolers" isn't what we hope for.

Brian: Unless you hoped for less than 1% of the market.

Mr.Clayton: We need to change our image. When women think"poolside," they should think "cool,""hip," "trendy." That's why we'relooking for someone who can add some spunk to ourcompaign.

Cynthia: Well, if you're looking for spunk, Mr. Poole,then you've definitely come to the right man.

Mr.Clayton: It will also be a $50,000 bonus if we doubleour market share. So, uh, give me a proposal and I'llconsider.

Brian: Maybe you should consider this, Mr. Poole. Yourstock took a nose-dive last quarter, and you have ashareholders' meeting in three days. Unless you come upwith something fast, your little family business will bebought out from under you at ten cents on the dollar.

Mr.Clayton: You're very blunt, Mr.Kinney.

Brian: And... you're out of time. If you want me, hireme.

[Afterthe meeting. Cynthia and Brian leaves the conferenceroom.]

Cynthia: That was f*cking brilliant.

Brian: I'm glad, you're in charme.

Cynthia: Too bad you're wasting it on such an as*h*le.Don't tell me you haven't heart the certain call.

Brian: The guy who...

Cynthia: ...hates Gays.

Brian: Fine. He's always donating his money to worthycauses like "Castrate h*m* Now,""Launch Lesbians into Space," "Stop AIDSwith g*ns." Well, now he can donate some of hismoney to me. Fifty grand!

Cynthia: So, what's the big concept?

Brian: f*ck, if I know!

[Mel and Linds veranda. Leda andMel are regaling Linds with tales from the bad old days,as they all share a bottle of wine. Lindsay's notdrinking. Melanie's changed into a black tank top andjeans, to match Leda's blank tank top and leather pants.]

Leda: There we were on the motorcycles.

Mel: Big Sur on the Coasthighway...

Leda: ...when this cop pulled us over.

Linds: For what?

Mel: Speeding. Topless.

Linds: Did they give you a ticket?

Leda: Well, he tried to give us more than that. Beside hewas afraid someone would see us and drive off the side ofthe cliff. Then he was going to arrest us.

Mel: And you start flirting with him.

Leda: No, no, my dear, it was you.

Mel: Okay, long story short, we're behind a rock, he'sgot his pants down...

Leda: ...and this little vixen grabs his boots and wetear the f*ck out of there!

[Leda and Mel giggles and chortle into each other'snecks.

Linds: Want some more wine? So, how long you in town for?

Leda: Until they kick me out. Or until my art exhibitopens, whichever comes first.

Mel: Linds is an artist, too, ya know?

Linds: Art. Teacher.

Leda: And here I was

thinking we had nothing in common. Don't get me wrong. Ithink it's groovy two chicks raise a kid. But to go fromzooming down the highway to zero in the slowlane...what's next, are you going to get married?

Linds: Actually, we are.

Leda: No sh*t? Girl, you really have gone respectable.

[Big Q Mart. Mike's directing atruck as it backs up onto the loading dock. Tracy amblesup, with Olive Oyl's haircut.]

Tracy: So, big weekend coming up, huh?

Mike: Huh? Oh, Pride, yeah.

Tracy: You're goin'?

Mike: I'm my way going with my mother's P-FLAG group.

Tracy: You don't sound really excited about it.

Mike: I'll tell you, I'm a little worried that somebodyfrom work might seen me. Pretty stupid, huh?

Tracy: Not really, since a group of us are going to bethere.

Mike: What?!

[Mike's so flummoxed by this news that he takes hisattention off the truck. And the truck smashes into theloading dock, just as Andrew walks out.]

Mike: Stop! Holy sh*t!

Andrew: It's going to cost you, Novotny!

Man#1: It's nothing, just a marrily scratch!

Man#2: You've got more important things on your mind. Youtwo got something going on, this weekend?

Mike: Not really.

Man#1: Why don't you come with us to the p*nsy Parade?

Mike: It's not my scene.

Man#2: Like it's ours?

Man#1: We're figures to check out the size.

Andrew: You're mean the freaks.

Man#1: Got admit - it's the best party in town.

Man#2: Don't tell me, you're never been, Mike.

Mike: Actually, I never have.

[Mel und Linds Garage. Leda andMelanie uncover Mel's long- neglected motorcycle, whichI'm told is a British BSA.]

Leda: Oh, that is what I called pure sex. What the helldoin' to covered it up?

Mel: I let the insurance expire a while I goin', justforget all about it.

Leda: I got an idea.

Mel: Another trip to Big Sur?

Leda: Uh-uh. d*kes on bikes. You and me - the parade.Just like old times.

Mel: I...uh, I couldn't.

Leda: Yeah, you could. You're get a cooky permite, polishup the old b*tch, and we're there.

Mel: Well,...I mean, I can't.

[Linds walks in.]

Linds: We're marching with the Marriage Initiative group.

Mel: You know for same sex marriages.

Leda: Right, I understand. You gotta do your thing.Still...it would be such a shame to keep such a

beauty out of commission and under wraps.

[Babylon! Go-go dancers inneon-colored briefs wave large rainbow flags high in thehair.]

Ted: Happy Pride, how's goin'?

[the guy goes by.]

Brian: Okay, which one you want to try first? PapayaSauvignon, Kiwi Chardonnay, or Melon Merlot.

Mike: It's so tasty, you wanna try all three.

[Brian taking a swallow.]

Brian: So wretched, you'll want to puke. Not even afucking piss-queen would want to swallow this sh*t.

[Emmett comes up, takes a sip.]

Em: Mmmh, fruity, refreshing. Like a gentle brise on asummerday.

Brian: Ok, I take it back.

Mike: How to get to people drink it?

Brian: I'll think of something.

[He's looking to one of the go-go dancers.]

Ted: Happy Pride. How's goin'?

[The twink goes away.]

Mike: You want one?

Ted: f*ck, I hate this!

Mike: Right, try Papaya Sauvignon.

Ted: Yeck. Any other night, I'd go home, log ontocumquick.com, and get it over with. But it's Pride, andI'd actually like to experience some of this sexualfreedom we supposedly fought so hard for.

Mike: There is some hard for ya.

Ted: Yeah, right(!)

Mike: He's checking you out.

Ted: Why would he me checking...?

[Ted turns around and look at himself. Ted pops a coupleof peanuts in his mouth...and starts to choke. Luckily,Mike is a master of the Heimlich maneuver, and Ted spitsthe masticated snack onto the floor.]

Em: Well, that's one way to leave a lasting impression.

Brian: Word of advice: next time you've got nuts in yourmouth, suck, don't chew.

[The cute guy walks up.]

Cutie: Happy Pride. How's goin'?

Ted: Oh, you know. Enjoying the flow of air through myesophagus.

Cutie: So, you wanna go?

Ted: Really? Ah, sure. Ok, we gotta go! We're going! Seeya!

Em: Wow. Pride is a magical time. [to Mike] You wannadance?

Mike: Sure!

[Brian holds the bottle up so he can see a go-go danceragainst it, and then through it. He looks at the bottlesome more, thinking Deep Advertising Thoughts. Emmett andMike boogie boogie boogie, until they're interrupted byVic.]

Mike: Vic, what are you doin' here?

Em: Michael! Even older g*y men can celebrate Pride,right?

Vic: Right.

Em: Just don't overdue.

Vic: It's Godiva.

Em: When?

Vic: A little while ago. Is was visiting a friend over inthe hospital.

Em: I was just there. I-I-I took her dress.

Vic: Sometimes it happens very quickly. That can be ablessing.

[Emmett quickly leaves the dance floor.]

[At Ted's condor. He and the cuteguy are having sex. When they're done, Ted gasps.]

Ted: Oh...god...that's amazing. Isn't this amazing?

Cutie: Yes, amazing...

Ted: You...you're hungry? You want some chips oranything?

Cutie: No, thanks.

[Cutie just dress on.]

Ted: So, you're goin' to the parade, sunday?

Cutie: Yeah, I'll be there.

Ted: Then we could go together - if you like. Uh, here.This... this is me. I'm Ted.

Cutie: Great. See ya.

Ted: See ya.

[Ted finds the little rainbow flag under his pillow,sticks it straight up, and salutes.]

[Brian's loft. Brian takespictures of a blond, muscular stud standing in the middleof the floor. The stud is wearing a pair of well-filledswimming trunks, a diving mask, and an inflatable poolchaise. He poses. Brian takes pictures. He poses. Briantakes some more pictures. Later, Brian edits the pictureson his computer, and prints them on a label called"Pool Boy." The Pool Boy in the loft sauntersup to Brian, licking his lips. Brian opens up his zipper.Pool Boy puts on his diving goggles, 'cause he's goingdown.]

[The P-FLAG P-AradeP-Reparations. Everyone's painting signs for the big day.Justin's working on one with both hands.]

Vic: Mmmh. Michaelangelo!

Justin: It's goin'. Brian's been helping me with myexercises.

Mike: Yeah, I bet. Squeeze tighter, pull harder.

[Justin gets Mike back for that remark by painting a pinkmustache on him.]

Mike: Hey!

Vic: Big day tomorrow.

Justin: I can't wait.

Vic: I remember my first march. Stonewall Riots, in thestone age. You're no more than twenty-five of us in thefirst year.

Justin: That's all?

Vic: You think coming out is tough now, you should havedone it back then.

[Behind them, Debbie and Jennifer unfurl the main banner,as everyone applauds.]

Deb: Hey guys! And check this out!

[Debbie also unveils a special t-shirt she had made inhonor of her first march with Michael -- it's brightpurple, with "My g*y Son Makes Me So Proud!"written in big white letters, with a happy faceunderneath.]

Jen: Isn't this adorable?

Justin: Swear to me that you didn't goin'?

Mike: Hey mom, you want a doughnut?

Deb: You're not!

Mike: What? I didn't say anything!

Deb: You didn't have to. I know. I'm you're mother.

Mike: It's not that I don't want to.

Deb: Then why? What you're excuse this time?

Mike: I just can't. It's easy for you to wave banners andmarch around. You've got nothing to lose. Hell, you'renot even g*y!

Deb: Well, I'm the next best thing. And I'm damn proud ofit.

[She st*lks over to Justin and sticks a finger in hisface.]

Deb: You'd better be marching!

Justin: Yeah...

Deb: Heh, let's continue with you're posters. It's a niceone.

Jen: It is.

[Brian's loft. Brian sits on theedge of the couch as Lindsay paces.]

Brian: Smart?

Linds: Yes.

Brian: Sexy?

Linds: Yes(!)

Brian: Pierced p*ssy?

Linds: How the hell would I know!

Brian: In other words, the legendary Leda lives up to herlegend.

Linds: Better. Compared to her, I'm a bland, flabbyhausfrau.

Brian: You popped out a kid. It's not your fault thatyou're not as tight as you once were.

Linds: f*ck you!

[She pushes him over on the couch.]

Brian: Don't worry, some women are attracted to stretchmarks.

[Lindsay straddles him and starts to tickle. Brian givesas good as he gets. They're both laughing hysterically onthe couch when Pool Boy walks by. Lindsay jumps up. Brianhands Pool Boy some money. Pool Boy thanks him andbails.]

Brian: Oh, don't forget these!

Linds: Paying for it, now? I suppose older gentlemen haveto do that!

Brian: I know this might be harder to swallow than histen-inch d*ck, but 'Poolside' has just become

'Pool Boy.'

Linds: Oh, I hate that sh*t!

Brian: Everybody does. But once the f*gs see this label,they'll want to lap him up.

Linds: Cool beverenges. Do you know who that guy is?

Brian: Yeah. So?

Linds: So? He hates us.

Brian: What he does with his money is his business.

Linds: Except when it hurts us. Then it's our business!

Brian: That is my business! [he points to the bottle.]
[Godiva's old room. Justin is helping Emmett pack up.]

Em: She was so excited about the pride. She said,"Honey, if I have to wheel myself out on a board like Porgy and Bess, I'm going." She wanted her hair to be the biggest. Her gown to be the glitteriest. So everyone would know that nothing -- not even A*DS --could keep her down. It wouldn't be the same without her.

Justin: Unless...

Em: Unless?

Justin: Unless you're..?

Em: Honey, I couldn't fill her bra, much less her shoes.Would you... mind if I stay with her, little while?

[Justin leaves the room and walks down the hospicestairs. He rounds the corner and see Chris Hobbes,sweeping the floor. Justin flashes back to the bathitting his head like a fresh melon.]

Justin: What are you're doin' here?

Chris: Having a blast. Time of my life. My five hundredhours of community service, what the f*ck do you think?What about you? Got A*DS?

Justin: No!

Chris: You will - sooner or later. All you f*gs end uphere.

[Linds and Mel's Garage.Melanie's finished polishing her motorcycle. She jumps onand starts 'er engine, inadvertently blowing a plume ofexhaust behind her, and into Lindsay's face.]

Mel: Ok, let's get this b*tch a try. Oh, it works. Hopeon.

Linds: What?

Mel: Grab a helm and come with me.

Linds: Some other time.

Mel: How about tomorrow?

Linds: I though we're marching with the MarriageInitiative folks

Mel: It's a parade. Do we always have to be so f*ck? Can't we have a little fun for a change?

Linds: With Leda?

Mel: I've got to admit it. Leda is fun.

Linds: Well, she's also you're ex, not you're partner.You should think about us.

Mel: When don't I? Does it always have to Mel and Linds?

Linds: We are Mel and Linds. I happen to like that. And Ithought you did, too!

Mel: Oh for Christ sakes, you're not tryin' to get me...

Linds: ...guilty? Go on. Go ride your b*tch with thegirls!

[Mel eagerly puts on her helmet. Lindsay apprehensivelywatches her ride away.]

[Woody's. Brian, Mike, and Tedstand in front of a display for "Pool Boy." Thetagline over the guy's head reads, "Suck on MeTonight." Men are coming up and grabbing bottles,though.]

Brian: Look like my marketeen sample was a big success.

Mike: Yeah, and all you had to do was put a guy in aswimsuit on the label.

Ted: I can't believe, have these people any taste?

Brian: After where their tongues have been? Never fear,they also have no memory or brand loyalty. In a couple ofmonths, Pool Boy will be forgotten like a bad f*ck. Butby then I'll have paid off my loft.

[Ted sees the cutie across the room with a group of hisfriends.]

Ted: Speaking of f*ck. There's Troy.

Brian: How was he?

Ted: Massive. I'm still bow-legged.

Brian: Theodore Schmidt, you sex pig. I didn't know youhad it in you.

Ted: No, I had be alright.

Mike: You will see him again?

Ted: Well, we'll talked about it.

Brian: Then go over there. Bring him a "PoolBoy".

Ted: I want to date him, not poison him.

[Emmett and Vic walk into Woody's.]

Em: Look at them. Partying. Don't they know Godiva'sdead?

Vic: Why should these pups give a sh*t about some oldqueen who died of A*DS? I'm allowed to say that. I'm anold queen. Who has A*DS.

Em: But doesn't it upset you? I mean, it...

Vic: ...that it would be me next? I think about that. Ithink about every day. Now come have a c*ck. And foronce I don't mean a handful of pills.

[Ted makes his way across the bar to the cutie.]

Ted: Hey.

Cutie: Hey. Huh?

Ted: Ted.

Cutie: Ted. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Ted.

Ted: That was so amazing last night. So, uh, you up forparade tomorrow?

Cutie: Huh?

Ted: The parade. We're talked about it. I was thinkingmaybe a champaign with brunch...

Cutie: Look, buddy? I was just doing my good deed for theyear.

Ted: Good deed?

Cutie: Yes, it's kind of like a tradition, for Pride? Igo out, find some guy - like you - I give him a break. Igive him me. The f*ck of his life. Something he canremember. Like a souvenir. It's my way of giving back tothe community.

Ted: I see.

Cutie: Hey, this year you're the lucky recipient. Happypride.

[Brian's. Mike escorts a drunkenBrian into the loft as he rants about Pool Boy.]

Brian: Could you see him? D'you see the way they grab theshit up?

Mike: Sssh, no wake Justin.

Brian: The best...the best part is for that old geezerwho still hates f*gs. Is that a scream or what?

Mike: Definily or what? What have you doin' with that oldcreep like that?

Brian: For the pure poetic irony. Cool, huh? Or should Isay, 'cooler.'

[He stops when Justin creeps out of the shadows.]

Justin: I saw him. Chris Hobbes.

Brian: Another dream?

Justin: He was at the hospice.

Brian: What the f*ck is he doin' there?

Justin: It's his assign to his community service.

Mike: Is this a sick joke?

Brian: Did he do anything?

Justin: He said he hopes I get A*DS and die.

Mike: Piece of sh*t!

[Brian gives Justin a big hug.]

Brian: Forget it. Get some sleep. You've got big daytomorrow.

Justin: I'm not goin'.

Brian: And miss you're first pride?

Justin: What am I supposed to be proud of? That I gotbashed and didn't die?

Mike: [to Brian] If he doesn't want to go, don't makehim.

Brian: [to Mike] Stay out of it!

Mike: Sure, although you have to admire the pure, poeticirony of seeing someone like you encourage him to go toPride when this is what you're proud of.

[Mike picks up a "Pool boy" bottle.]

Brian: Yeah, and what are you proud of, that you'repiss-in-your-pants afraid to march with your own goddamnmother?

Mike: f*ck you!

[Lindsay and Gus in front of thehouse. Lindsay's decked out in suburban glory, wearingdenim shorts and a white t-shirt, with a tan cap pulledover her hair. Gus is wearing rainbow knit pants and arainbow knit cap, and his stroller is festooned withballoons.]

Linds: [to Gus] Look at you, my Rainbow Baby. Are youready to go to the parade and see all the people?

[Then Leda pulls up on her Hog. She walks up.]

Leda: Nice day for a parade, huh?

Linds: Uh-huh. Melanie is doin' a practise run. C'mon,sweety. It's time for you're ride.

Leda: Look, I'm sorry if things got f*cked up, but Ididn't force her.

Linds: Well, you shouldn't stop her. That bike waspractically forgotten until you had to remind her.

Leda: Something tells me that it was in her thoughts longbefore I blew into town.

Linds: And why would you thinking about some oldmotorcycle?

Leda: You tell me.

Linds: Perhaps because riding a motorcycle beats the shitout of cleaning up baby puke and nursing earaches.

Leda: Of course it does! But that's not why you'retogether -- for a few cheap thrills.

Linds: It's been a while since I see the light in hereyes. She's excited to live the glory days with you.

Leda: She just needed to feel all that horsepower roaringbetween her legs one more time. Then it's back to thegarage for another six years. You should try it.

[Mike and Emmett's. Emmett, Mike,and Ted watch on television as drag queens and otherqueer folk fill the streets of Liberty Avenue. The Boysare passing the time playing Scrabble.]

Ted: C-O-C-A-T-W-O. c*ck.

Mike: Isn't c*ck speelde with T-O-O?

Ted: Not if you're having more than one.

[Emmett can barely look at the screen.]

Em: Can we turn this off, please?

Ted: Then don't watch.

Em: Fine. I won't.

Ted: Look at him.

Mike: Him? [he points to the screen.]

[Emmett turns the tv out himself. He looks over atGodiva's dress, which is hanging on the door.]

Mike: Maybe you should go down there for a little while.You know, might you feel better.

Em: No, it wouldn't be the same without Godiva. But if...if you guys want to go, go ahead.

Ted: Not me. You really should go, Michael. Make you'remother happy.

Mike: How can I?

Em: God, just be brave! Like Godiva was.

Mike: Godiva was a drag queen.

Em: And as she used to say, "It takes more courageto wear a dress for an hour than it does to wear a suitfor a lifetime."

Mike: Well, I'm guess I'm not as brave as she was.

Em: I guess not. There is one way you could go to theparade and no one will know.

Mike: Not even think about it.

Ted: We can rebuild him. We have the technology.

Mike: Get away from me.

[Emmett holds Godiva's dress up to Mike, as Ted holds himdown. Mike screams.]

[Woody's. Poole walks in the doorand is shocked at all the gayness. He finds Brian infront of the "Pool Boy" sign.]

Brian: Mr.Pool? I'm glad you're make it.

Mr.Pool: What is this place?

Brian: From the crowd I suspect a h*m* drinkingestablishment.

Mr.Pool: A g*y bar? Why you tell me to meet you here?

Brian: I want to introduce you to the hottest new drinkon the market: "Pool Boy". I changed the nameand I gave it a new look. Quite attractive. Right yousaid myself and... I can't sell fast enough.

Mr.Pool: This is you're idea?

Brian: Yeah, it's gonna safe you're a*s.

Mr.Pool: I don't want my a*s saved by these people!

Brian: I think you do. In fact, you should have beenmarketing to them in the first place...

Mr.Pool: f*gs?

Brian: Their money's as green as the next.

Mr.Pool: Well, they can keep their money.

Brian: Tell that to your shareholders on Monday -- thatyou turned your back on a consumer market with an annualdisposable income of hundreds of billions of dollars. Ican delivered to them. First I think you should showyou're support by making a nice big contribution to say -the g*y Mariage Initiative?

[He opens up a bottle of Papaya Sauvignon and hands it toPoole. Poole looks around surreptitiously, then swigs itdown.]

[The PrideFest Parade! Dragqueens! Hot Guys! Rainbow flags, banners, posters, ofevery shape and size! Justin and Brian watch from thesidelines. Justin looking nervous in public places.]

Justin: I told you, I didn't want to come here!

Brian: Well, you're here. And you're q*eer. So...enjoy.

Justin: It's just a big freak show!

Brian: Oh, did you think you were going to find pride atthe parade?

Justin: So what the f*ck are we doin' here?

Brian: I'm just making sure Chris Hobbes doesn't win. Nowyou should go march with you're mommy.

[After Justin takes off, Brian sees Ted walking by.]

Brian: Theodore Schmidt! Man, what are you doin' here?And all alone. Where is you're hot new boyfriend?

Ted: Uh, he... couldn't make it.

Brian: Ohh, I thought he didn't want to be seen with thisyear's g*y pride pity f*ck.

Ted: You b*stard! How did you know?

Brian: I know Troy.

Ted: Thanks for warning me!

Brian: Act like a p*ssy, get treated like a p*ssy.

Ted: I'm not a p*ssy!

[Brian mocks Ted by waving an invisible flag andmuttering.]

Brian: Happy pride, how's going? Alright I do my paradefor pride. My way to givin' back to the community. Nexttime, try this:"I'm going to rip your f*ck off, and make you sit on my nine-inch d*ck."

Ted: But I haven't a nine-inch d*ck.

Brian: If you're good, he won't care. Try it. I dare you.

[Ted wanders off, muttering the line over and over. Brianspots some random dude.]

Brian: Hello, sweetheart.

[Lindsay walks up, holding Gus.]

Linds: Hear that, Gus? Daddy called you"sweetheart". Mind taking him for me?

[She hands the baby to Brian. Brian look at her.]

Brian: Whoa, Mama.

Linds: Well, Mama needs a few hours off. To be with herMama. There she is.

[She spots the d*kes on Bikes group tooling down theroad. She walks up to Melanie. Melanie sees her partner]

Mel: Whoa, baby!

Linds: Mind if we're ride together?

Mel: Honey, I love it when we ride together.

[Lindsay grabs the extra helmet conveniently located onthe back of Mel's bike, and hops on. Leda's grinning tobeat the band.]

Mel: Where's Gus?

Brian: You owe me for this!

Leda: Ok, rev 'em up!

[The guy who's checking Brian out comes by.]

Ted: It's his kid. Cut, isn't he?

[The parade. P-FLAG group.Debbie's wearing a shoulder-length pink wig that makesher look like one of Rainbow Brite's little friends.Behind her, Justin and Jennifer march together.]

Jen: I had no idea that it is so many.

Justin: q*eers?

Jen: People! I'm proud of you, Justin.

Justin: I'm proud of you, too, mom.

[A drag queen -- dressed in Godiva's dress, a gold stole,and a blonde wig -- walks up in step with Debbie.]

Deb: Honey, just you know - this is P-FLAG. But you'rewelcome to walk with...

[She's looking closer and recognize that look.]

Deb: [screams] MICHAEL?! IS THAT REALLY YOU?!

Mike: Can we just walking, mom?

Vic: [points to Mike] Looks like Godiva is here afterall!

Em: You bet she is! YOU GO GIRL!

Deb: Oh Michael, you look f*cking gorgeous, do you knowthat?

[She tries to hug Mike.]

Mike: Don't! My make-up!

Deb: Sorry. Oh Michael, I love you.

[Michael sees the Q-Martyers across the street. The TruckGuys, Tracy, and Andrew try not to laugh when thebeautiful she-male walks up to them.]

Mike: Hiya, boys! So which one of you is a real man?

[Tracy recognizes him but no-one else.]

Man#1: We all are.

Andrew: What about you?

Mike: You tell me.

[He lays a big kiss on Andrew. The Truck Guys and Tracyjust laughs. Andrew's in shock. Mike winks and goesaway.]

Mike: See you, lover boy.

[Later, at Woody's, Ted repeatsBrian's line to himself like a mantra.]

Ted: ...rip your f*cking clothes off, and make you sit onmy nine-inch d*ck...rip off you're clothes and make yousit on my nine-inch d*ck...

Em: What?

Ted: What Brian used to say.

Mike: That'll get you into trouble, for sure.

Ted: I hope so.

[Ted keep repeating it, until another blond cutie stopsat him.]

Guy: Excuse me?

Ted: Uh...uh...huh... nothing.

Guy: Happy Pride. How's goin'?

Ted: I was going to ask you the same thing. Can I... CanI get you a drink?

Guy: Yeah...

[A group of men wearing rainbow leis and tight blackshort shorts salute each other and down multiple shots.Brian rolls his

eyes.]

Brian: I'll be glad when Pride's over and we can all goback to being ashamed.

Justin: You just a little grumpy, because you're lookafter Gus all day and didn't hit on you.

Brian: Plenty of people hit on me. Unfortunately, theyall happened to be lesbians who wanted my sperm.

Justin: Here's you're chance. It's not too late.

[He points out a couple that's all about giving Brian TheLook. Justin kisses Brian on the shoulder and starts tohead out.]

Brian: Where you're going?

Justin: I'm leaving you to your wicked ways. Go find astud, ask him to dance.

[Brian thinks about it, throwing another glance at theDynamic Duo.]

[Outside Woody's. People dance inthe streets as ABBA plays on a loudspeaker somewhere.Justin wanders through them until

suddenly, he hears Brian's voice behind him call.]

Brian: Hey, Stud! Wanna dance?

Justin: Shut up!

Brian: I promise you won't forget this one.

[They slow dance and kiss as the

camera turns 'round and 'round them.]

Music:# Chiquitita from Abba

Chiquitita, you and I know

How the heartaches come and they go and the scars they'releaving

You'll be dancing once again and the pain will end

You will have no time for grieving

Chiquitita, you and I cry

But the sun is still in the sky and shining above you

Let me hear you sing once more like you did before

Sing a new song, Chiquitita

[On the steps, there's a black drag queen.]

Drag queen: Careto dance, sugar?

Em: I'd love to.

[Ted is dancing with his cutie.]

#Try once more like you did before

Sing a new song, Chiquitita

Try once more like you did before

Sing a new song, Chiquitita #

[Mike ambles up, and Brian drags him over to dance withhim and Justin. Then the music changes to somethingfaster, and Liberty Avenue boogies down into thecredits.]

Brian: C'mon Mike. Dance.

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